

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 16, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



PAINTED BY
RAPHAEL KIRCHNER

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RAPHAEL KIRCHNER

The Best Political Cartoons of the Day

The Ultra Violet Rays of Light

which chemically decompose the coloring matter in rugs, causing them to fade, also chemically decompose the protein (albumin) in beer — but not in Schlitz Beer. The Brown Bottle protects it.

That's Why Schlitz in Brown Bottles

is so superior to beer in light bottles—its nutritive value is unimpaired.

Schlitz Is the Only Beer

sold nation wide of whose purity you can be absolutely sure. The Brown Bottle keeps it pure.

Drink

Schlitz

Order a Case Today

in Brown Bottles

See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

The Beer

116-Mag.

That Made Milwaukee Famous

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General Manager,
FOSTER GILROY.

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Editor,
KARL SCHMIDT.



Next week is Puck's Pro-German Number, and in preparation for it, and in a spirit of strict impartiality, we print in this "Tea Pot" the letters of two gentlemen who appear to be at variance over the question of hyphenated allegiance. So that you may arrive at a full appreciation of the spirit which is so dear to Mr. Murphy and so offensive to Mr. Simpson, tell your newsdealer to-day to reserve a copy of the Pro-German PUCK for you.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

GENTLEMEN:

I wish to inform you I heartily approve of what you say in regard to the German nest of snakes who are constantly attacking our Government. The *Fatherland* in particular ought to be suppressed. This paper has a fairly large circulation and has a large amount of influence over some of the German-Americans, and lots of these people believe all the bunk in this paper, and when they read it, it gets them pretty mad, especially now since they have the knowledge that Germany may be beaten in the war. George Viereck is just smooth enough to work these people in selling them his periodicals and publications such as the one entitled "Hindenburg's March into London," and other similar ones. These Germans believe that is actually going to happen, but they are getting somewhat impatient. I hope you take a rap at them quite often. It's a shame that such papers are allowed the privileges these have. They should be put out of business.

Yours,
J. D. SIMPSON.

PROCTORSVILLE, VT.

DEAR PUCK:

Enclosed I hand you one dollar. Please send your paper the number of weeks you can afford. I call you sound on the politics of the day, and Adventures on the Clothes-line just suit me.

Truly yours,
DON C. POLLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Editor, PUCK:

Apropos of the picture and verses in August 5th number of your magazine, viz.: "Smokin' Corn Silk," by C. L. Edson and R. van Buren, give us more by these gentlemen. They're great.

"Smokin' Corn Silk," as pictured, and described in verse, brings me back to like happenings in my own case 25 years ago.

Yours truly,
J. T. BURNS.

WILLISBURG, KY.

Dear Puck:

The sample copy of Puck sent me is just about the best ever. I take it you are for Wilson for president. If you are, your Puck leaves nothing to be desired. This is a Republican hot-bed, and a man can barely live in peace unless he fights for it—and I believe Puck is about the best weapon to fight with, I have seen. I'd like to make up a club if I can; if not I want it anyhow myself. Will you send me another copy—latest issue. Here's

TO YOU
(Kipling)

" * * a first-class fighting man,
Duck-a-daisy and a lamb,
The only thing that doesn't give a d—n,
For a * * "

regiment of Roosevelt Infantry.

Yours truly,
W. W. HYATT.

SAN JUAN, P. R.

Dear Sir:—

No, we did not forget to renew our subscription to PUCK. We simply feel that it is out of place in a Young Men's Christian Association reading room. It is entirely too rank. When the tone of it and the type of the pictures change, we will be glad to put you on our list again.

Yours very sincerely,
W. G. COXHEAD, General Secretary.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Mr. Charles Chirtso, whose letter appears in Puck's issue of Aug. 26th, would enlighten some misinformed people if he would answer the following questions:

Since when is Germany an autocracy like Russia?

Since when is Great Britain a Republic?

Since when do the Central Powers stand for conditions and ideals that prevailed in the Middle Ages.

Maybe Mr. Chirtso does not know that Germany is way ahead of France and Great Britain in municipal government, is leading in laws for the protection of the working classes. Maybe Mr. Chirtso does not know that Germany is preëminent in scientific research and advancement.

Maybe Mr. Chirtso does not know that there is more class distinction in Great Britain than there ever was or will be in Germany; that there is more personal liberty in Germany than there is in our great land and less illiteracy than in any country on the face of the earth.

Mr. Chirtso, before you attempt to entertain the American people, kindly study your subject thoroughly, interpret what you are talking about, and don't say black is white, because there are some of us who know better.

J. J. MURPHY.

For an answer to these important queries, we would refer Mr. Murphy to a gentleman named Hohenzollern, residing most of the time in Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, who might take serious exception to the doubt expressed by Mr. Murphy as to whether the said Mr. Hohenzollern's private enterprise is an autocracy or not.

We quite agree with Mr. Murphy about Germany's protection of the working classes, but we feel that certain distressing activities on the part of Mr. Hohenzollern are likely to leave no working classes for Germany to take care of.

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ENTHUSIASTIC NATURE-LOVER: "I defy you to show me a more beautiful view anywhere!"

The Modern Office

"The office where I work has 100 employees."

"You don't say!"

"Yes. There are 5 auditors, 10 Assistant Auditors, 15 Efficiency Experts, 20 Superintendents, 25 Supervisors and 24 Expert Accountants."

"But that's only 99."

"Let me see, oh yes! I almost forgot the only fellow who really knows where things are at. There's one clerk."

"Everybody that is anybody has a car!"

"Yes — and everybody else has what they call one."

POET: How do I get to Scribbler's bungalow? Is it a plain trail?

ADIRONDACK GUIDE: Plain as wheat! You start with that rejection slip lying there, and jest foller the trail of them, till you git to th' shack!

"Will your daughter accept the Count von Speizen?"

"We don't know; her mother hasn't decided yet."

"I hear that all of the clever writers are deserting the magazines to write for the movies."

"You were misinformed; the clever writers haven't been in the magazines for some time now."



MEDIUM: "Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife!"

PATRON: "That so? Who's she knockin' now?"

Five Famous PUCK Prints

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THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER

by Lou Mayer



SAFETY FIRST!

by Rolf Armstrong



DELIBERATELY FRIENDLY

by Frederick Duncan



THE SERENADE

by B. Wennerberg



SOME BEARS!

by Rolf Armstrong

Five charming den pictures in full color, on heavy plate paper, size 11 x 14, sent to any address, carefully protected and all ready for framing for **\$1.00**

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MODERN GRANDMOTHER

The Dragnet,
Narragansett Avenue,
Newport, R. I.,
September, 1916.

Dear Edwina:

Of course I did not want to come here for a week and Grandmama did not want me. I knew how it would turn out but Mamma insisted on her having me, so here I am—it has been awful. I have been to one stupid dinner and three dances where no one paid the slightest attention to me. However, and I hope you won't be shocked, I have found one compensation—Lizzie (Grandma insists on my calling her that) has the quaintest chauffeur. He was at the Beaux Arts when the war broke out and, poor thing, they would not let him enlist, so he came over here to be an illustrator—it seems that lots of them did. He played about with those queer people in Greenwich village, till they had spent all his money. Then he couldn't get any work to do. The editors over here are so provincial, he says. So knowing how to run a car (he has been giving me lessons) he got a job as a chauffeur for Grandma. He has given me the most amusing sketches of her which I am enclosing—but you must swear on your word not to give them to anyone and to send them back. Aren't they divine?

Yours,

ADELAIDE.



4.30 A.M.—Grandma after the Parkinsby-Watts' dance, watches some friends take a morning dip at Bailey's Beach.



12.30 to 1.20.—Grandma watches the tennis to the delight of trippers from darkest Jamestown and Providence.



8.15 to 11 A.M.—
The Arms of Morpheus.



2.00.—Grandma lunches at Hilltop with the Cheston Pushers. Old Mr. Grabbage has just told one of his inimitable contes drôlatiques.

3.30 to 6.45.—Grandma has just redoubled and gone down four tricks.



11 to 12.15.—
Toilette de Grand'mère.



9.00.—Dinner at those new people's from Philadelphia. And then

11.30 P.M. to 4 A.M.—
Grandma dances.

Ruck



"Republican victory in November is essential if our country is to be made fully conscious of its duties."

— *A Spotless Person.*

Beyond question our country will be conscious of its duties in the event of Republican success. That is, if the Tariff barons have not lost their keys to the Congressional and Senatorial committee-rooms.

A Japanese physician in Chihuahua declares that Villa has a double. Too moderate, by long odds. Villa not only has a double, but a treble, a quadruple, a quintuple, a — Oh, finish it yourself!

Because of a new law regarding sanitary drinking cups, ice cream soda in Baltimore is going up in price. "The despot's heel is on thy shore, Maryland, My Maryland."

If the war in Europe calls out many more classes, the French order abolishing beards will cause no inconvenience to manly beauty. The ranks will be full of faces too young to shave.

"Wilson's attitude toward the late General Huerta plunged Mexico into its present chaos."

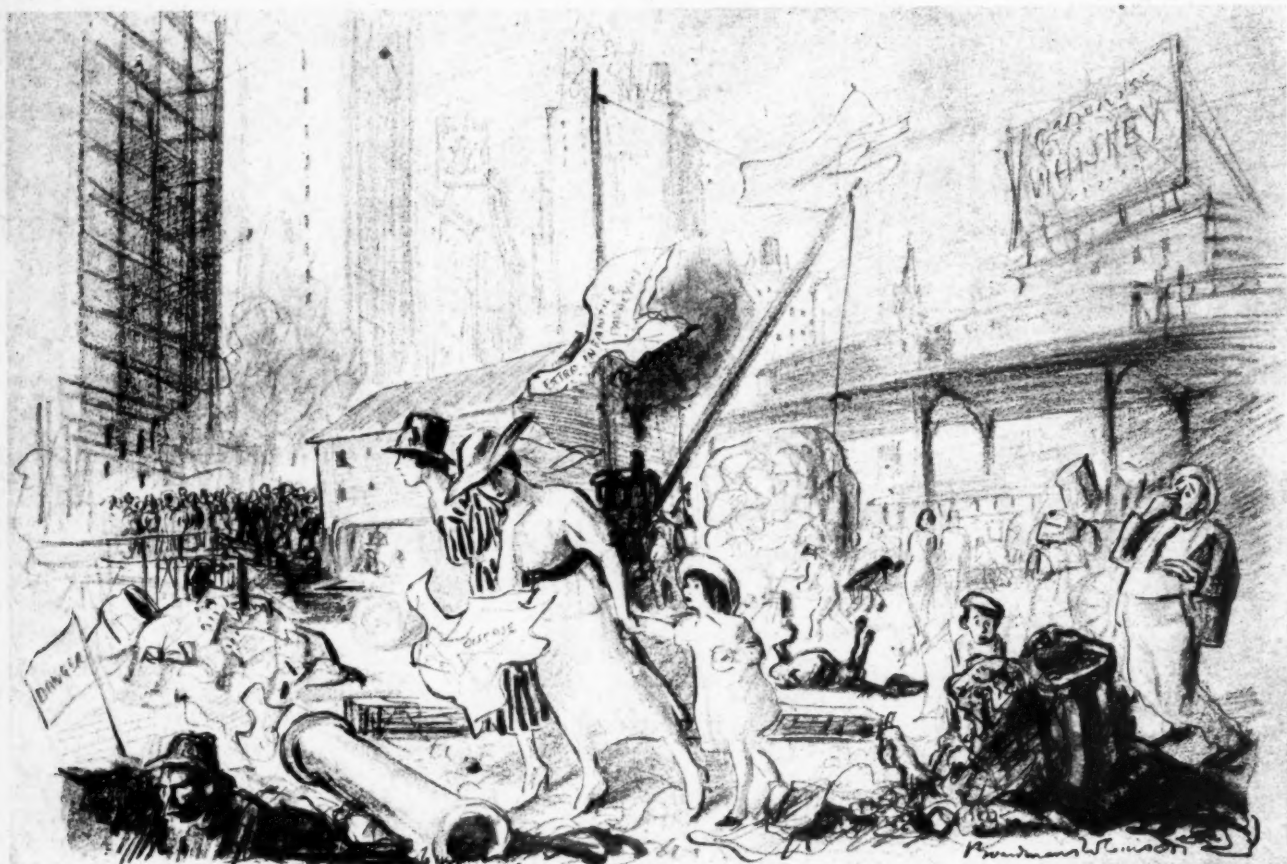
— *Somebody on the border.*

Before very long, Huerta will be represented as having been a dear old Uncle Tom and Woodrow Wilson a particularly savage Simon Legree.

Shoes are \$15 a pair in Constantinople. The faithful will be careful how they kick them off in prayer after this, we guess.

Persistent bad weather interfered with operations. — *French Communiqué.*

It may be necessary to schedule a few double-headers.



— Drawn by Boardman Robinson

NEW YORK — THE SUMMER RESORT

The Democratic Party proposes to divorce Washington from Wall Street, says Chairman Willcox of the Hughes machine. We hope so. Or, if divorce be difficult to get, a legal separation might do as well.

Says Senator Sherman: "The present tariff law is a mongrel pup." Everyone to his own opinion. The tariff just previous to it was a hog of purest breed.

German authorities are having a hard time finding a king for the Polish throne. Why not put a want ad. in the Oyster Bay paper?

"Governor Hughes shook hands with several men and women and four or five boy scouts and listened to a group of little girls sing "America" at the side of his special car."

— *Sun dispatch.*

A vast outpouring of the populace, no doubt indicating an irresistible swing to Hughes.

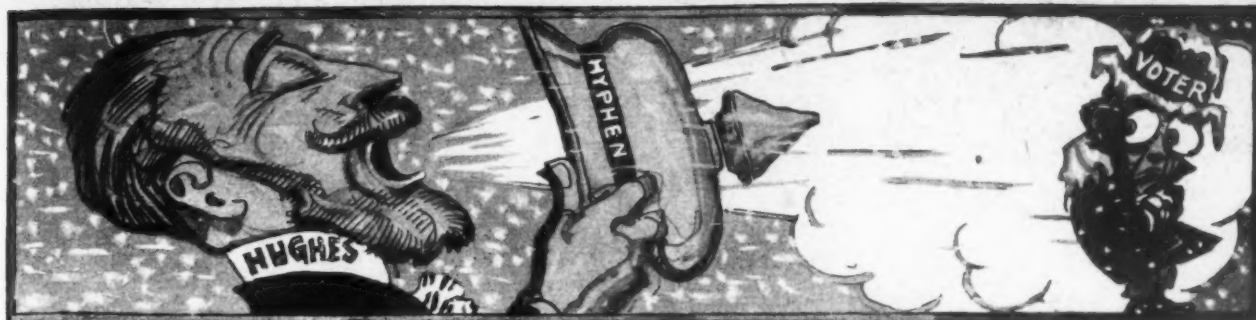
King Constantine was denounced for failing to lend support to the Allies and was urged to prepare the army for war. — *The news from Athens.*

The Democratic slogan: "He kept his country out of war," does not seem to have found much favor in Greece.

Albert P. Warrington, President of the American section of the Theosophist Society, declares that Theodore Roosevelt is the same type of man as Cæsar. With this difference, however. Roosevelt, unlike Cæsar, came, saw and — compromised.

During the last seven or eight days Newport has come into some of its old-time glory and gayety, and though the season promises to go down in history as one less spectacular than some that have gone before, several big features will save it from mediocrity. — *Summer Society News.*

A sigh of relief goes up from a grateful nation.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson



Why soldiers get kisses
From beautiful misses
The scientist tries to find out.
Professor, our guess is
They get those caresses
Because the girls like them, no doubt.

The Bulgars, indulging
A penchant for bulging,
Have bulged into Greece for a space.
On South front and East Front
Each large front or least front,
The Austrians still run a race.

"Sunny It" now determines
To war on the Germans
Which cannot be called a surprise.
Then — presto! the ticker
Records, with a flicker
"Rumania's joined the Allies."

That Mexican muddle
Still serves to befuddle
The public. In doubt we're immersed.
The old scare from Nippon
Once more takes a grip on
Our senses. Please page Mr. Hearst.

With energy tireless
We've gathered by wireless
What chronicles herewith are seen;
For we've been in motion
Way out in the ocean,
A volunteer ultramarine.

We can't read in papers
Humanity's capers
But gather them out of the air,
And nary a word of
Judge Hughes have we heard of.
Say, where is that candidate — Where?

The railroad strike matter
Is still making clatter
And congress may mix in, we note;
Whatever the issue
This fact cannot miss you —
The public will sure be the goat.

The "Red Fleet" — our new one —
Met up with the "Blue" one,
And wiped it out promptly. And Gee!
The "Enemy's" taken
New York and is makin'
For Washington City, D. C.!

But don't be too nervous.
Our gunnery service
Has made a new howitzer now
To bust up the foemen
Until they have no men, —
And it's a mock war anyhow.

The ball season's closing
And some teams are nosing
Ahead of the rest of the bunch;
And Brooklyn, we're thinking
Will right soon be clinking
Some world series coin — that's a hunch.

Thus Germany's circle
Of foes grows. And Merkle
Is sold by the Giants. How Time
Does fly! (This here mix-up
Of stuff, is to fix up
A stanza which needed a rime!)





THE CANDIDATE: "Theodore, take care! You're frightening my hyphen-hound."

— Drawn by W. C. Morris



VOL. LXXX No. 2063



WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

"The bosses of the Democratic party and the bosses of the Republican party have a closer grip than ever before on the party machines in the States and in the nation . . . The present conditions . . . show that it is hopeless to get anything good out of them."

—Theodore Roosevelt in the Campaign of 1912.

A People's Governor

SINCE the administration of Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic party of the State of New York has given no more sincere evidence of its attachment to the fundamentals of Democracy and its belief in progressive principles than in the endorsement of Samuel Seabury for Governor this year.

The spirit of Democracy is the spirit of the people, and no candidate could have been selected who more thoroughly reflects this spirit than Judge Seabury.

As a jurist who has served on the bench of New York from the City Court to the Court of Appeals, as a writer upon jurisprudence and as a speaker and publicist, always on the side of independent thought and action, of progressivism, of liberalism, of social justice, of personal liberty, of everything that makes for the advancement and uplift of the individual, Judge Seabury has truly reflected idealism and progress and has always placed human rights above all other rights.

Judge Seabury has been called a radical because he has been willing to try new methods in an effort to keep pace with the spirit of progress. He lives in the present and the future instead of the past, and while he has been one of the soundest and clearest interpreters of the written law, his ideals of the law have always been justice and humanity.

Through his decisions the rights of motherhood have been respected by the Board of Education, and fair taxicab rates have been assured to persons here who can afford that mode of travel. Through his services as arbitrator exact justice has been done between employer and employee in this State.

He is one of the few candidates for public office who ever resigned an office in advance of their nominations. He is one of the few candidates for office who ever has announced in advance his plans and policies for the conduct of the office to which he aspires.

Judge Seabury did this when he received the endorsement of his party convention as a candidate at the primaries.

The keynote of that policy is efficiency and economy in the management of State affairs.

The election of Judge Seabury to succeed Charles S. Whitman, will be a return to those days of Democratic simplicity, efficiency and progress that characterized the administration of the Democratic governor who is first in the hearts of the people of this state, Samuel J. Tilden, and will be a triumph for Progressive Democracy second only to the re-election of Woodrow Wilson.

A New Type of Naval Critic.

CRITICS of our navy are innumerable, but here, at last, is one of an unusual type—he is neither a marine painter, a politician, an editor, a deck swabber, nor a wool merchant who marched in the Hicks Center Preparedness parade. In sending a reporter out to interview a man who really knows something about the navy, the New York World has proved itself both commendably enterprising and highly original. May this set a precedent to all journalistic contemporaries! The man the World interviewed is an admiral who since 1903 has been head of the general board; he has served the navy ever since 1854.

"The attacks that have been made upon the navy," he says, "are as false as many of them are shameful. It is not a junk heap. There is no demoralization. Both in material and personnel we are more efficient today than ever before. Our ships are as good as any, our officers are as good as any, and our enlisted men are the finest in the world." He believes that "our boys are the best gunners in the world," and puts his O. K. on the Daniels schools and the anti-drinking order. He admits that we have not enough ships and not enough men, but declares that this situation will be remedied if the senate Navy Bill is passed — "it will restore our navy to second place and enable the United States to meet on equal terms any power in the world save one."

No administration has power to hurt this critic, and he has no cause nor any inclination to mix into partisan quarrels; he is, in fact, even exempted from the usual retirement provisions. His name, you may be interested to hear, is George Dewey.



HUGHES: "BUT LOOK AT THE AWFUL SMUDGE." —Drawn by William C. Morris

The Moviecraft Fillums, Inc.

In a secluded corner of the Automat, the two movie magnates were discussing their newest amalgamation. "Let's see the salary list you drew up for th' new company," demanded one of them.

The other produced the following imposing array of small change:

	Per Year
Vice-President.....	\$1,000,000.00*
Director.....	175,000.00
Female Star.....	430,000.00
Second Ditto.....	380,000.00
Third Ditto.....	290,000.00
Male Utility.....	1,750.00
Assistant Director.....	65,000.00
Scenario Editor.....	40,000.00
3 Continuity Writers each.....	35,000.00
Locations Expert.....	30,000.00
Technical Expert.....	50,000.00
Artistic Director.....	60,000.00
General Manager.....	500.00
Property Connoisseur.....	63,000.00
Publicity Munchausen.....	50,000.00
3 Camera Pointers each.....	\$18,500.00
Annual Salaries.....	\$2,795,750.00

*And percentage on the net

"Where do we get off?" cautiously inquired the skeptic.

"You an' me'll split fifty-fifty on what's left."

The other studied the list carefully before he replied. "Tell you what I'll do," he finally ventured. "If



WIFE (having fozzled ball into husband's eye): "Good heavens, Henry! I suppose that shot is entirely wasted!"

you'll give me that quarter you borrowed last month, I'll find a chorus man to play that male utility for less money."

Learning that Roumania had declared war upon her, Germany promptly declared war on Roumania. They can take a hint, those Dutchmen.

Overdraft

MOTHER: You and John should start right by opening a little bank-account.

NEWLY MARRIED DAUGHTER: No; John used to have one but I guess it is an awful bother and the bank doesn't appreciate it anyway. He says that it was continually after him to put in more money.

Italy has announced that she "considers herself" at war with Germany, and Germany may now fittingly request her to consider herself licked.

To date there has been no agitation for an eight-hour day for the soldiers.

Spiking a persistent rumor, T. R. says that he is not going to Africa. Why not?

At all events, New York fans may console themselves with the thought that the Giants have a well-balanced team. The pitching and the fielding are just as bad as the batting.

Heigh-ho! Now that Roumania is in the war there will be one more set of official bulletins to have to read.



LOOKING FORWARD.

— Drawn by Power O'Malley

Up-to-date

"I baked a nice pie this afternoon and now I find that somebody has eaten exactly half of it."

"I did it, Mamma. You see I began by biting just one little piece of it."

"Why didn't you stop then?"

"Because, after thrusting in that wedge I thus created a salient and was obliged to eat the rest of the half in order to straighten my line."

Not that it is desired to be unduly curious, but exactly what has become of Marjorie's Battleship Fund?

The professional humorist's wife remarked that he seemed cross.

"Well, why shouldn't I be?" he snapped. "I just thought of a joke about a man buying rubber heels instead of a Ford, and the editors aren't buying Ford jokes any more!"

One on the Astronomer

UNCLE EZRA: That fellow who stays in that little round house on the top of the hill has written a book about Mars.

UNCLE EBEN: I'll bet it's a fake. What does he know about them foreign countries? He ain't been out of town in seven years.

On the Gate

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (reviewing the story of the beggar Lazarus): Who was the poor fellow who sat at the gate watching all the people go inside and wishing that he too could go in and enjoy himself?

REDDY BACKROW: De guy in de box-office.

Italy declares war on Germany.

— News Item.

In the language of diplomacy, this act on the part of Italy breaks off the continued pleasant relations between the two countries;

A worker in a New Jersey munitions plant put his name and address in a keg of smokeless powder, and now has received a note from an English munitions worker, a girl of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who found it. Sooner or later, we expect to hear of Tommies wounded by bits of shrapnel on which is inscribed, "Will you marry me?" Mars is mighty but Cupid is more than a match for him.



— Drawn by E. W. Kemble

THE PARLOR SPORTSMAN: "Blest if I know what to do! They told me he was a good setter, but my word! He's been setting there for fully an hour and I haven't seen a sign of a bird!"

The Prodigal Son

It is a good thing that Winthrop Ames has revived that most delightful of pantomimes, "L'Enfant Prodigue," at Booth's Theatre. When this unique work was first given here at Daly's Theatre in 1896, its novelty made it "caviar to the general." It was the vanguard of the army of pantomimes that culminated last year in the Russian Ballet. To-day "The Prodigal Son" will be understood, appreciated, enjoyed, thanks to the superior education of the public in these matters. But I doubt if the artistic impersonation of the Pierrot by the tiny, fascinating Pilar-Morin will be improved upon. And the Parisian pianist, Aimé Lachaume—shall we ever forget his eloquent playing, his sympathetic and brilliant elucidation of the score, and entirely from memory? The piano plays an important part in the performance; the orchestra may be omitted; but without the piano, and a poetic artist at the keyboard, "L'Enfant Prodigue" is like a sailing ship without wind. Madame Pilar-Morin had artistic associates in the original enterprise managed by Mr. Ed. Cleary; but I'm sorry to say that I've forgotten their names, though not their art. I was positively mad over the piece. With Vance Thompson I revisited the show dozens of times. Mr. Thompson, too, was badly bitten, and wrote a charming pantomime which was enacted at the Eden Musee, twenty years ago. His wife, a member of the Daly company, assumed the leading character. On the bills she figured as Mlle. Severine. However, I sha'n't afflict your memories. Go and see and hear for yourself. Aloys Kremer, a pupil of Arthur Friedheim, is to be pianist in the new production. I've written a fantastic sketch, founded on the impressions of the pantomime which I shall relate for you to-day. I call it:

Pierrot and the Pianist And the insistent clamor of her name at his heart is like the harsh roll of the sea on a savage shore. Have you seen "L'Enfant Prodigue," that most charming of speechless lyrics? Have you listened to André Wormser's dainty music, which interprets this dramatic song without words? If you have not, you have missed a delicious morsel for the artistic epicure. Alas! and I wish that I had never seen this same "L'Enfant Prodigue." I remember the hot nights in June, many years ago, when I strayed into the Theatre des Bouffés Parisiens. All Paris was there—it was the first public representation of Carré and Wormser's three-act pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue." I was much pleased with the piece and the artists. The music, with its Mascagni, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann flavor, was agreeable, albeit artificial, just as the "bouquet" of a perfume is more grateful at times than the natural odor of a field flower. I was, in a word, enchanted, and



I left the theatre vowing that I would return many times. I did return, too many times. One night, later, in London I strayed into a theatre, and behold, I found myself again listening to a well-remembered strain, a Mascagni phrase from the prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana," and immediately recognized "L'Enfant Prodigue." My sultry indifference at once vanished and I read the programme, hoping to see again the same cast I had enjoyed in Paris. But the names were new to me. Disappointed, I settled down, expecting a mediocre replica of the Paris original. But I was soon undeceived. The pianist, one of the important factors, I could not see, but I heard, and involuntarily exclaimed: A master! Such a touch, tone, and diversity of nuance! When the curtain went up on that picture of bourgeois domesticity I knew that I was in for a treat. The father and mother of the play were natural, and as I heard the Rabelaisian music which accompanied their humble meal, my eyes fell on the young Pierrot. I received a pleasurable shock. A white painted face, eyes full of melancholy music, a mouth of infinite promise, wistful, petulant as a Mignon in chalk, his figure was dainty, his walk panther-like in its noiseless rapidity. A fascinating Pierrot, indeed, and how the music followed him! Every movement, every gesture was interpreted by the language of tone. The curtain fell upon the end of the first act to unforced applause. Only the Phrynette had seemed to me needlessly cruel to the fond, foolish boy, and in the subsequent scenes she played her rôle of the heartless coquette with a too harsh realism.

How funny the Baron was! How we laughed when the comical motive in F sharp minor announced the entrance of the pompous negro. How cleverly Pierrot caught the fly, whose buzzing was imitated by the contrabasso. How I enjoyed the peeping forth of the Mendelssohn Wedding March in this act, and how tragic the finale. The young Pierrot played the scene with power and pathos. Of what need words when gestures can be so moving? The third act with its return of the Prodigal Son went admirably and the artists were called and recalled. Then the pianist was summoned and given his due share of applause. Suddenly my neighbor, an elderly gentleman, very much interested, called out: "Look, look, is it your twin brother, or is it your double?" I stared at the image of myself bowing before the footlights. It was the young French pianist. I went home greatly disturbed. After thinking it all over the next day I returned to the theatre and got the address of the pianist, Jean Riche, by name, and called on him. He lived at a small French hotel in Soho, and was "at home," an untidy garçon informed me. I stumbled through a dark passage, getting angry at nothing. Then, guided by the

(Continued on page 20)



IN FULL RETREAT TO THE MAIN BASE



THE LAST SURVIVOR



SPOILS

THE END OF THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN



A WASTE OF POWDER ON A STUBBORN LINE



USUAL EXAGGERATIONS OF VICTORIES



BACK TO THE TRENCHES

FIRST ANNUAL OUTING OF THE CANARYS

By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

Illustrated from clay models by the Author

"DEARIE, isn't there something special I can get you? It seems to me that you aren't eating anything." The speaker was Mrs. Hattie Canary, the landlady, and the person addressed as "Dearie" was none other than Mrs. Samuel Cribbage!

"My dear, everything is lovely. I guess it's just the hot weather that ails me," replied Mrs. Cribbage, putting her hand affectionately upon Mrs. Canary's arm.

This sudden *entente cordiale* between the landlady and the occupant of the second floor front would have stunned the boarders who were away on their vacations, especially Mrs. Andrew Binney. Between these two very positive and at times acidulous temperaments no love was lost. Upon no subject did Mrs. Cribbage and Mrs. Canary agree. They contradicted each other's statements, they made sarcastic remarks, and month in and month out were at swords' points.

Now, left alone in the house all day together, sharing the common misery of monotony and broiling heat, they had become what they would have scornfully described in others, "as thick as thieves." It was a timid, pussy-footed, half ashamed sort of friendliness. Each knew in her heart that it was temporary at best, that another element coming in would upset the nice balance of amiability.

All day they sat around in white muslin dressing sacques, fanning

themselves and discussing the absent ones. They had the joy of children stealing jam as they speculated on Mrs. Binney's age, Mr. Binney's salary, Gertie Golightly's chances to get Gregory, whether May Whizzley would ever get anybody and, as



Mrs. Cribbage asked cautiously if Mr. Colt was quite sure that the "shoffer" was a reliable one.

there was no mystery about Dave Hemisphere, they discussed his faults. Miss Quince was with them only at breakfast, dinner and in the evenings when they all sat, bored and tired, on the front steps.

It was Mrs. Cribbage who said, wistfully, one evening: "I'd like to do something real exciting — I don't care what!"

"So would I," declared Miss Quince, almost fiercely, from her

lower step. "At the store to-day I just thought I'd have to have a little change or grow crazy."

"We all ought to have a change," said Alfred Colt. "A real bang-up good time would spruce us all up. Miss Quince, Mr. Cribbage and I don't have to work Saturday and what do all of you say to going off somewhere in an automobile? A friend of mine will let me take his car and driver any time I want to use it."

There was a sudden burst of enthusiasm and chatter on the front steps.

Mrs. Canary planned a fine picnic luncheon and they all discussed good places to go.

Saturday morning when the touring car actually drove up at the door it was a gay party that trooped out of Mrs. Canary's boarding house and climbed in.

Mrs. Cribbage asked cautiously if Mr. Colt was quite sure that the "shoffer" was a reliable one. Mr. Colt assured her gravely that he would feel as safe with Brown as at home in a rocking chair.

"Well tell him not to drive too fast," urged the old lady. "You do read of such awful accidents in the papers. Seems as if every Monday morning's paper was full of them." Her timidity soon wore off and she was busy pointing out familiar spots where she and Samuel used to go driving in the days when they hired livery rigs.

"This seems like old times to me, too," sighed Mrs. Canary contentedly, and crowding her way further into the cushions. "When Mr. Canary was here we used to go everywhere."

The sun and breeze had whipped color into Miss Quince's pale face. Alfred Colt, who sat on a small extra seat and tried to find a place for his feet, told old jokes that were new to his delighted guests. On the seat next adjoining the driver Samuel Cribbage fell a victim to speed mania.

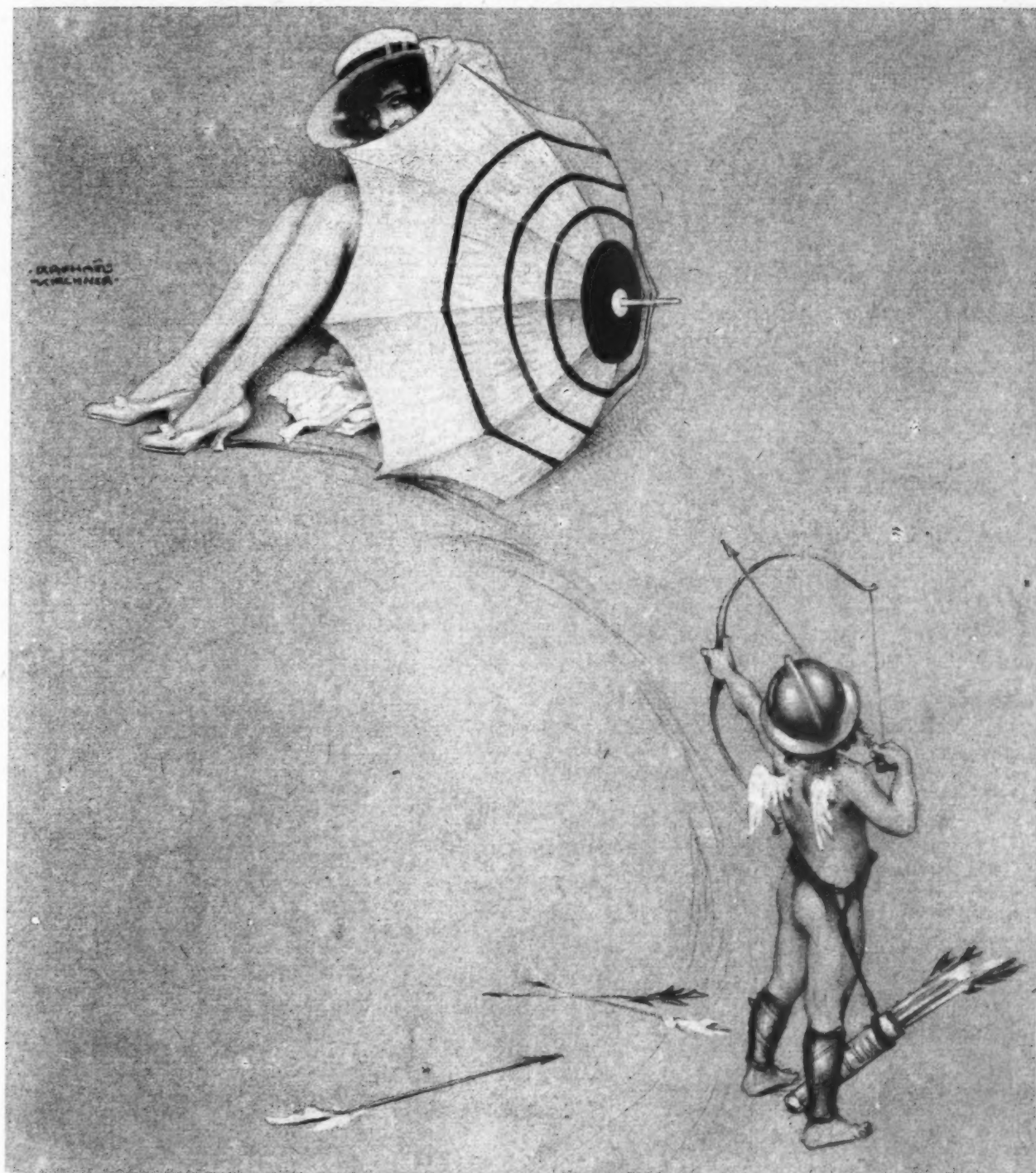
"Can't you pass that feller?" he urged the skillful Brown. "That's it!" or, "Here's a nice stretch — can't you let her out a little?"

(Continued on page 21)



"It's my party," declared Mr. Colt, in that positive tone of voice which ladies so admire in a host.

Love — by Raphael Kirchner



I — UNIVERSAL WARFARE

— Copyright 1916 by Raphael Kirchner

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

PART IV

"NO," said Paul, smiling. "I think I have enough for our present necessities."

"Oh, it's all right," said Mr. Slingsby, much relieved. "Then see me jump on that brute's neck!"

And Mr. Slingsby straightened himself up and infused into his person an air of grandeur, which not even his dampness could diminish. Then he sternly advanced upon the landlord.

"Are you intoxicated?" he demanded severely, and in so peremptory a tone that the landlord gasped rather than said:

"Naw!"

"Then," said Mr. Slingsby, "your insolence is inexcusable." He turned with a lofty air to Miss Mingies, who was trying to look unconcerned while she pinned up a gap in the rear of her skirt. "Lady Georgianna," he said, waving his hand toward Mrs. Wilks, who showed indications of being about to go to sleep standing, "will you kindly conduct the Countess into that apology for an apartment which I see on my right? And Lord Delancey will see to the comfort of the rest of the ladies, while I give my orders to this fellow. Baron," he continued, addressing Paul, "I shall need your advice in the preparation of a menu for our breakfast. I suppose this person can be taught to serve something eatable."

Then, haughtily signaling to the landlord to follow him, he strode into the barroom.

The landlord's eyes almost started from his head.

"You had better make haste," observed Mr. Delancey, with a stern, yet condescending manner. "Lord Slingsby is in no mood to be trifled with. Is it not strange," he said to Mrs. Brown, "that when one's carriage breaks down, it always breaks down where there is nothing better than such a hole as this within ten miles? But I suppose you can't expect anything better in this blasted country."

The landlord was by this time of a fine, rich purple color. He made one or two vain attempts to speak; but finding that he only produced a sort of stifled gurgle, he gave it up, and meekly followed Mr. Slingsby into the barroom.

The landlord had a bad quarter of an hour with Mr. Slingsby in the barroom. Mr. Slingsby opened the proceedings by asking Paul, in an offhand manner, if he remembered what he had done with the bill-of-fare from the Hôtel Aristocratique.

"That was a fairly satisfactory repast," he observed, "and may afford us some suggestions. I think you put it in your wallet, dear boy."

Twenty-four hours before, Paul would probably have asked him what he meant, or told him outright that he knew nothing of any bill-of-fare or any Hôtel Aristocratique. But now it was with a feeling of having

been born into a new world, and a world where, even under the most depressing conditions, life seemed to have a wonderful lot of fun about it, that Paul impressively produced his comfortable-looking pocketbook — it was wet and out of shape, but its contents gave it a look of comfort — carelessly pulled out a ten dollar bill or two in a pretended search for the imaginary menu, and then told Mr. Slingsby that he thought he must have forgotten it.



"Are you intoxicated?" he demanded severely.

"Too bad," said Mr. Slingsby. "Well, let's see! Suppose we have some — er — Consommé à la Périgord and some Béchamel aux Pollyopkins, and — er — Perquisites à la Tuberculosis — and how would a little Eucalyptus with egg-sauce à la Pajama do to end up with? You could serve a simple meal like that without keeping us waiting, I suppose?" he inquired of the landlord, in an airy, contemptuous tone.

When Mr. Slingsby had satisfied his soul with torture, the landlord was the humblest of created things. He compromised on ham and eggs.

Nothing had been said about it, but it seemed to be generally understood that, so far as money matters were concerned, Mr. Paul Brown had entire charge of the company's affairs. He found that he was looked

upon in the light of the vanished Runyon — nay, more than this — he seemed to have become a sort of financial father to the whole Aggregation. Paul was not of an illiberal disposition, but he felt that the time was fast approaching when the line must be drawn in this matter. At Mr. Slingsby's suggestion he hired rooms for the entire company, but when he and Adèle went to their chamber to try to smarten themselves up a little before breakfast, he talked it over with Mrs. Brown, and they came to a very decided conclusion.

The breakfast was a long time in preparation; partly, perhaps, because most of the members of the company were drying themselves around the kitchen stove. Paul put his head into the kitchen and found all his

friends there, socially steaming together. He made up his mind that he and Adèle would go out and dry on the sunshiny lawn between the tavern and the beach. Here, as they walked up and down, they were joined by Mr. Slingsby, who hailed them as cheerily as, though the situation were an everyday experience.

"The modest meal," he remarked, "is well nigh ready. I've procured access to the larder, and 'ave routed out a few humble viands to swell the bill-of-fare."

"Mr. Slingsby," said Paul, "I trust you will make our breakfast as satisfactory as possible in every respect, for when it is concluded we shall part company. Mrs. Brown and I have made up our minds to retire from the theatrical business. Mr. Runyon's departure has left certain responsibilities upon my hands, of which I shall

endeavor to acquit myself. I will discharge our present indebtedness at this place, and I will put in your hands a sum sufficient to carry the entire company back to New York. After that, Mrs. Brown and I will resume our trip, which will necessarily take us in another direction. I have not the slightest doubt that an Aggregation of such talent as yours will readily find regular and steady employment in the city."

Mr. Slingsby stared hard at Paul for a moment; then he raised his right hand, and looked solemnly aloft.

"By 'Eavens," he said; "The Prince of Jays! I knew he was too good to be true!" Then he grasped Paul warmly by the hand.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "your proposition does you infinite credit, and I shall be extremely happy to serve as your disbursing agent. I need not tell you, I suppose, how much I regret that we must sever!"

"You need not, Mr. Slingsby," replied Paul, "but I trust you will allow me to assure you that Mrs. Brown and I have heartily enjoyed making your acquaintance and that of your friends, and that our brief connection has been of great interest, and, I may say, benefit to us."

"I am glad to 'ear it," said Mr. Slingsby. "I 'ave certainly tried to do my best by you. And, in reflecting upon this occurrence in future years, it will always be a great satisfaction to me that I 'ad 'old of you, and not an ignorant and unappreciative 'og like Runyon, who has not the first instincts of a gentleman, and never knows when it is time to let go."

And with a profound bow to Mrs. Brown, Mr. Slingsby moved off. He had not gone far, however, when a thought struck him, and he returned.

"Under the circumstances," he said, with a kindly smile, "it might not be amiss if we were to garnish the occasion with a few bottles of such wine as the country affords?"

"Certainly not," said Paul.

"Then we garnish," said Mr. Slingsby. "My boy, you *are* a thoroughbred!"

The breakfast was served on the broad back verandah of the tavern, overlooking the water, and it was a very jolly meal, although ham and eggs predominated in its composition. They washed the ham and eggs down with champagne. Everybody agreed that the practice of drinking wine so early in the morning was improper in the extreme; but they all drank it. Shipwrecked people are entitled to certain indulgences, and as Mr. Slingsby truly remarked, the champagne which the landlord furnished was little better than an inflated cider. So they ate and drank, and felt happy that they were alive, and that they were all such good people together; and after a while a happy golden haze seemed to wrap the whole party in a dreamy delight. When they had finished, they pushed back their chairs and sat contentedly gazing at the beauty of the river under the morning sunshine. Then Mr. Slingsby bewailed the fact that his fiddle was packed in his trunk, on the wharf opposite the theatre, in Tunkawanna. The landlord heard him, and eagerly offered the loan of his own personal and private violin. Mr. Slingsby loftily accepted



He stood stock still in wonderment.

the offer, and when the instrument came, he began to sing to them, in a pleasant, old-fashioned falsetto, a string of old-fashioned songs—sea-songs, the most of them. He sang "Tom Bowling," "Wrap Me Up in my Tarpaulin Jacket," "Black-eyed Susan," and other sweet, old, simple, silly strains, while the golden haze grew more and more golden, and some of the elder eyes grew moist, and Aunt Sophy Wilks cried softly to herself, like a fat old child.

It was long past ten o'clock before they finished their breakfast, and they would not have finished it then if Adèle had not called Paul's attention to two facts; first that the stage for Tunkawanna and the New York train left at eleven; second, that several of the company, including Mr. Mingies and Mr. Weegan, were expressing so warm an admiration for their present surroundings that they could not be contemplating less than a fortnight's stay.

After having been thus reminded, it did occur to Paul that his intimacy with those gentlemen was increasing at an uncommonly rapid rate, and that if he called Mr. Slingsby "dear old man" a few times more, he would probably find the Brown family tied for life, and, before they knew it, to the wreck of Runyon's Dramatic Aggregation. Still the golden haze enveloped his young head, and Paul never knew exactly how he did succeed in getting his eight friends off on the stage, which presently lumbered up to the door of the inn. The parting scene was very affecting. Every one of the gentlemen privately borrowed ten dollars of Paul; the ladies all kissed Adèle; then Mrs. Wilks kissed Paul, and dropped a fat tear

upon his cheek. Mr. Mingies bestowed a fatherly salute upon Adèle, and then the stage-driver interfered, and with his aid, and that of the landlord and the hostler, and a stray negro stable-boy, the eight dramatic artists were finally stowed away in and on various parts of the stage, and started off for Tunkawanna to redeem their trunks, and to take the train for New York. There was much kissing of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and, with the best intentions, but somewhat inappropriately, Mr. Mingies, in a deep bass voice, started the chorus of "Good-night, Ladies," as they rolled over the bridge in the morning sun.

The two Browns watched them from the back porch until they had crossed the bridge and swept into the high road. Then, just as they were turning away, Adèle gave a cry of astonishment.

"Look, Paul!" she said.

Paul looked. From a clump of bushes which the stage was passing, a tall man in a silk hat dashed wildly forth, with two other men in close pursuit. The tall man ran after the stage with a speed that must have been born of desperation, unless he was a professional sprinter. He caught it, with his pursuers ten yards in the rear, and, grasping the baggage-rack, drew himself up, and was hauled to the top by Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Mingies. The other two men shouted to the driver, and one waved a bunch of white papers, but the driver appeared not to hear, for he whipped up his horses, and the stage rolled merrily around the corner.

It was Mr. Runyon.

After breakfast, Adèle went to her room to lie down. She told Paul he had better lie down, too. Her advice was good, and perhaps Paul had better have followed it, but he said that he was not sleepy, and he thought the fresh air would do him good, and he would walk about the grounds a little.

He began by walking around the house, which he found a very interesting structure, for it was old and rambling. At one end there was a sort of shed-like roof extending over the driveway, and under this stood a tin-peddler's wagon, very neat, very new, and painted the brightest and most beautiful red that you can imagine. In the shafts stood a little sorrel mare, quite as neat as the wagon, but much less gaudy. He did not know exactly why he did it, but when Paul saw the wagon he sat down on a stone and regarded it attentively.

He had seen many red wagons in the course of his life, but it seemed to Paul, just at that moment, that that particular red wagon was far and away the prettiest red wagon he had ever seen. And it also seemed to him, at that particular moment, that a red wagon of just the right sort was a singularly beautiful and desirable object. He wondered who owned that wagon, and whether the man knew what a good thing he had in owning such a wagon. Paul had his doubts about this. It took, he thought, a certain delicacy of mind rightly to value a red wagon. The owner was probably a soulless person, who looked upon his possession merely in the light of a wagon to which redness was incidental.

(Continued on page 24)



DONT MISS THE FINAL
EPISODE OF THIS STIRRING
SERIAL
IT WILL BE SHOWN IN THIS
THEATRE ON MONDAY
NEXT
DONT MISS IT !!!



EPISODE THIRTEEN

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Hard on Doc

He was brought to the physician and had a couple badly smashed fingers as the result.
—*The Hudson (Iowa) Herald.*

**Thrust Upon Him
BIRTHS**

BARTLETT—PERDUE. Miss Eleanor Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Clay Bartlett, of Chicago, to Dr. William Perdue, of Mobile, Ala.
—*Town and Country, New York.*

She Does Not Agree

Woody has decided he would rather have the oldest, so he was calling on Olive Wiseman Sunday.

Miss Olive Wiseman was calling at C. B. Kinsey's Sunday.
—*The Grafton (W. Va.) Leader.*

Singed

Little Rodman Cox happened to a bad accident Saturday, he stepped in a pile of hot embers and burnt his foot real bad.

—*The Washington (N. C.) Progress.*

The Burnt Child Does Not Fear Fire

Mr. Rodman Cox has purchased a little fareview car he is some cute sporting the little girl.

—*The Washington (N. C.) Progress.*

Discrimination

WANTED—Waitress; lady preferred. Apply Hot Bread Lunch.

—*The Waterloo (Iowa) Courier.*

All the News

Some time ago we printed an item about an auto that called on Mrs. Somebody or other, and today we noticed in the Watson Hill items in the Ossipee Valley Herald, that "Pascoe's auto was down this way on Saturday and bought two calves."

—*The Portland (Me.) Express.*

Where There is Real Life

Near this part of the road there is a cow and a pig pen, and frequently these animals, especially the cow, occasionally strut on the tracks, but each time the cars have been stopped and accidents averted.

—*The Burlington (N. J.) Enterprise.*

It Does Not Pay to be a Charmer

He was gored by an infatuated bull.

—*The St. Cloud (Minn.) Journal-Press.*

As She Treats Them

POSITION WANTED—Young woman, trained nurse, would like care of invalid, or light work on ranch where hogs are kept. Box 375, Chronicle.

—*The San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.*

Tit for Tat

I saw in last week's issue that my husband had advertised me for not getting trusted on his account. He could not get trusted. I was the one that payed all the bills. I would have starved had it not been for my people, because he could not keep a cat on what he made.

—*The Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

What Happened?

Truman Steinmetz called on Andrew McGowan Friday afternoon. Andrew is resting a little easier at this time.

—*The Van Wert (Ohio) Bulletin.*

Culture Comes

We were pleased to have the Board of Education spend Wednesday in our midst in an effort to suitably locate the school building for the consolidated school district.

—*The Warrenton (N. C.) Record.*

Quite A Program

The concert at the grange meeting Saturday night had to be postponed because the record to the talking machine got broke.

—*The Millersville (Me.) Gazette.*

Popularity

We are glad to hear Mr. and Mrs. Perry are back for a short stay.

—*The Marathon (N. Y.) Independent.*

What Difference Does It Make?

J. W. Littlefield started out on a trip to England station, O., last week, but changed his mind at Corry and came back to Porkey.

—*The Forest (Pa.) Republican*

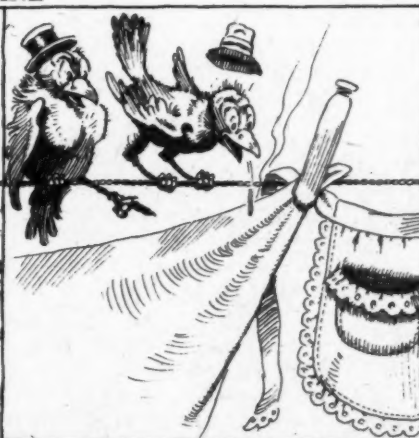
ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"I was a fool to get married!"



My wife's unreasonable;



she insists on having a nest like that one!"

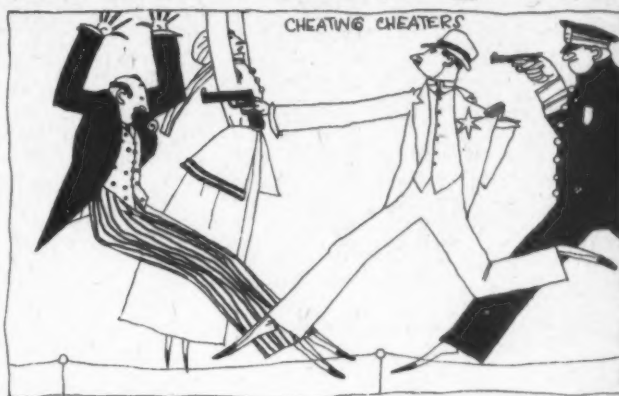
LOOK AROUND NOW FOR YOUR EXIT!

Puck

19



PLEASE
HELP
EMILY



CHEATING CHEATERS

The New Season

Early fall fashions in the theatre this year are not radically different from those of other years.

Many of the tried and true have made their reappearance. The old friends are best—in the theatre and usually the well-worn situation affords greater opportunity for acting. If proof were needed, the work of Emily Ann Wellman in the familiar stageland of *The Guilty Man* would be sufficient.

Father vs. Defendant

Twice in a theatrical season which has just opened its eyes have fair and sympathetic young defendants found that the prosecuting attorney was their father. To the heroine of *The Guilty Man* and the boy in *The Silent Witness* comes this hectic intelligence, on the brink of a court scene, just as it did to Jane Cowl in *Common Clay* last year.

Crooks

If the many crook plays which have been rampant on the American stage in the last few seasons have done nothing else, they have at least schooled actors in the skillful handling of the rôles of evildoers. Rarely are crooks badly played now. Max Marcin's *Cheating Cheaters* has slathers of crooks. Everyone is a crook—except the heroine and till the end she pretends to be. She has acted on the good old pattern of set a thief to catch a thief. Ultimately all the thieves sign confessions which are held as hostages for their good behavior and conscientiousness as detectives.

Besides being a crook play *Cheating Cheaters* is a trick or surprise play. Recall *Under Cover* of two years ago. It was an inverted play—then reverse your recollection and you have the logical sequence of the plan upon which *Cheating Cheaters* is built. But this does not mean that the play is a straightforward crook play. Not till the end does the audience know "who is who" and "what is what."

Crooks and Peach Jam

What is by all odds the most successful play of the early season—*Turn to the Right!* is a combination of Sing Sing graduates and sentiment. The prison pals of a boy wrongfully convicted, are urged upon release to go "straight." They are anxious to take one more chance in order to have

HIS BRIDAL NIGHT



SEVEN CHANCES



THE GUILTY MAN



some capital for their reformation. Instead they follow the prodigal son to his home where a stageland mother has a lighted lamp in the cottage window for him. There is a mortgage on the farm and one hundred and twenty-five dollars is needed. The two most fascinating crooks that ever stole the swag when it was lucrative settle everything and ultimately like Wallingford they reform and become magnates of the peach jam industry—jam like Mother made.

City and Country

But Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard have not relied upon crooks alone for the success of *Turn to the Right!* They have revived the good old stage tradition—that in the city men do evil and in the country all save possibly a mean, skinflint deacon, are virtuous. Churchgoing takes the place of "playing the ponies" and a kitchen pump supplants the wicked cabaret.

The Gulf Widened

Broadway and Buttermilk which served to bring Blanche Ring back to Broadway also marked the contrast between asphalt pavements and dirt roads. Even in *His Bridal Night* which introduces the Dolly Sisters as actresses and affords them an opportunity to dance well, the sage man-servant talks of the tranquil noises of the city and the noisy tranquility of the country.

An English Friend

Please Help Emily which gives Ann Murdock a star part and adds her name to those who get electric lights on Frohman theatres is a sample of the English farce that has always been called polite—probably so called because these plays are inevitably opened by a butler with a tray. Later he turns out to have advanced ideas about marriage. He does in this play, but even so, he helps Emily to win the gentleman for whom he is gentleman.

He Marries Her

Seven Chances has that same youthful quality that *The Boomerang* had. This is not to imply, however, that the new Roi Cooper Megrue farce has the novelty of the story of the physician who is expert in love. If there is nothing new in the story of the woman-hater who must marry before his thirtieth birthday—the whole is at least good entertainment and it gives Frank Craven a chance for some diverting humor.

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

sound of a piano, I forgot my errand and I stood in front of a door gulping down Chopin's F minor Fantasy played by a genuine virtuoso. As its enchanting bars sighed into rest and the clangor of those two great chords at the last enveloped me, I knocked and opened without waiting for an invitation to enter. A man in short sleeves sat before the keyboard, and a woman perched carelessly on the edge of an unmade bed. After the manner of most hired lodgings, the room was disorderly and unattractive.

Twins!

At first my entrance was greeted with silence; then the woman: "See Jean, it is thyself," she cried in French. "He is coming to thee for lessons." And the exquisite humor of this threw her into convulsions of mirth; she rolled over on the bed burying her head in the pillows. M. Riche arose and rebuked his comrade for her unseemly actions. Then he turned to me and I seemed to face myself. "Bon Dieu, c'est moi-même!" he exclaimed and recoiled to the instrument as if to get a better view. We gazed steadily at each other for at least a minute, the woman on the bed explosively laughing in the meantime. I hastily explained my errand in my indifferent French and expressed my gratitude for the pleasure the pianist had given the previous evening, and, though my eyes were literally bulging from their sockets from astonishment, I managed to behave conventionally. The woman now came toward me with tigerish grace. It was the young Pierrot, and her eyes so hypnotized me that I at once forgot to look at my double. She considered us seriously as if making a mental inventory of our physical resemblance. I noted that the pianist rather winced under this searching, even cruel examination. She peered into his eyes, then at mine; she made a grimace at our hair, so unusual in color; she viewed with painful precision our noses, mouths, hands and feet. Then she laughed, this time sardonically. "Felicia!" gravely remonstrated the pianist; but Pierrot laughed all the harder. Felicia Janvier was her name and her eyes burned into my heart. But all the same, I became good friends with her and her friend, the pianist. We could never explain the strange resemblance. I am American, he was French. I hinted at Poe's story "William Wilson," but Jean, who, like most Parisians, adored Poe, reading him in Baudelaire's wonderful translation, would have none of it. It was, he said, only a coincidence. When, arm in arm, we walked into a café, the waiters crossed themselves; and, one night as I waited in the dusky stage entrance for Jean, I was seized and kissed on the mouth by a woman. It was Felicia, and as she discovered her mistake she laughed

a hateful laugh; but I said nothing to Jean. The company was playing a long engagement in London, and having nothing better to do, I lingered in town, seeing my new friends every night, and gradually falling into the net so skillfully set for me by the falsest fowler that ever piped a sentimental lure to a silly bird. Jean, I could not quite understand. At his instrument he was all glow, passion, and abandonment; the moment he stopped playing, he became colorless, silent, even tiresome. And what of her, of Felicia, the Pierrot.

Felicia

Then I made the discovery that the woman no longer loved Jean. I was in company with the actor who played the Baron in the pantomime. We walked behind the Pierrot and her pianist, and we were all four going to our favorite café! The Baron, a jovial, dissipated old blade, mocked his companions and punching me in the ribs he said: "Drôle! why don't you make love to her? She wouldn't know the difference!"

This annoyed me, but I held my peace fearing the Baron would notice my flushed cheeks. The couple in advance were evidently quarreling, their voices raised in anger. This pained me, and piqued the Baron, who tried to hurry me on. I refused to move faster, nor was there need for it. Suddenly, with an ejaculation of rage, Felicia raised her fan and struck Jean in the face. In a dazed condition I found myself alone with Jean, the other two hurriedly disappearing. I asked for no explanations; he vouchsafed none. We did not go to the café, but home, Jean leaning heavily on my arm, and walking as if suffering. He played some of the Chopin Preludes, played them exquisitely. It was a sorrowful feast. At last I arose to go, and shook the hand of my alter ego. We faced again. Great God! We were twins. As I went down the stairs I met the Baron. His face was heavily flushed. He had been drinking. He cynically stared at me and taking my arm he led me across the hall to a door. He whispered wickedly as he pushed me in: "She won't know the difference!" *** "C'est toi, Jean?" muttered Felicia in drowsy accents.

Finale

Jean's playing daily improved and Jean's conversation grew more and more monotonous. Felicia hardly spoke to him. She seemed to hate me too, and I—well, I loved her. I was young and foolish. It was the last night of "L'Enfant Prodigue" in London. I did not sit in the stalls but in the orchestra near Jean. In a way I liked him; besides, it amused me to watch the wonderment on the faces of people near us. The house was crowded and the pantomime was played as if it were the first, not the last night. At the close of the third act the two

(Continued on page 23)



GAIETY Bway. and 46th St., Evenings at 8.20, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.20

Turn to the Right

"UNDILUTED JOY"—WORLD

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE W. 42nd St. Evgs. 8.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

After the Play Visit Atop New Amsterdam Theatre
ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC
MEETING PLACE OF THE WORLD

ELTINGE Theatre, W. 42nd Street. Evgs. at 8.15, Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents

Cheating Cheaters

By Max Marcin

REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St., Evgs. at 8.15, Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15

A. H. Woods presents

HIS BRIDAL NIGHT

with the

DOLLY SISTERS

By Lawrence Rising

Revised by Margaret Mayo

H. H. FRAZEE'S LONGACRE Theatre, 48th Street, W. of Bway., Evgs. at 8.30, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30

A Pair of Queens

"Best farce of the season."

The Evening Sun

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN PASSING SHOW OF 1916

SHUBERT..... Henry Dixey

ASTOR..... The Guilty Man

39th STREET... A Little Bit of Fluff

CASINO..... Very Good Eddie

LYRIC..... The Flame

44th ST..... The Girl From Brazil

WANTED—AN IDEA!

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First Annual Outing of the Canarys

(Continued from page 14)

The picnic lunch, eaten under a tree, near a brook, was a great success. For once, at least, Mrs. Canary's boarders had no quarrel with the food and were loud in their praises.

"I guess it's just the novelty of the surroundings and all that good air that makes things taste good," the landlady deprecated humbly.

As the party returned homeward, in the early evening, and the lights of the city spangled the distance, Mrs. Cribbage sighed, "It's almost over, but hasn't it been a perfect day?"

"It isn't over yet," said Alfred Colt, chuckling for the ace he held up his sleeve. "You're coming with me for dinner, and I hope you are all as hungry as I am."

Samuel Cribbage said that they'd go, but he wouldn't stand for Colt paying the bill.

"It's my party," declared Mr. Colt in that positive tone of voice which ladies so admire in a host. He selected a place for dinner more famed for its atmosphere of quiet elegance than for garish splendor; soft light, soft music and the best of service.

At the head of the table Mr. Colt placed Mrs. Canary and at the opposite post of honor, Mr. Cribbage. He placed Miss Quince beside himself and she blushed a rosy pink for this attention.

It was an awkward moment when the host asked them what they would like to eat. They were oppressed by the prices ranged in parallel column to the items. Urged to make a choice the ladies assured Mr. Colt that "really they were not very hungry—just a sandwich and a cup of coffee would do them very nicely." This restraint was brushed aside by Mr. Colt, who said, grandly: "Now Mrs. Cribbage, I know there's something you'd like. Help me to select a really nice dinner."

"Those chicken croquettes, with French peas look nice," said Mrs. Cribbage, bravely, her eye fixed on their more modest cost.

"I wouldn't pick out anything chopped up fine," discouraged Mrs. Canary, in a professional manner. The landlady, detached from her own boarding house, busied herself feeling the quality of the table linen, studying the pattern of the silver and turning a plate to see if it was imported china or Syracuse.

Alfred Colt now undertook the ordering of the dinner and coincidentally the others were busy with mental arithmetic. Comparing notes, afterwards, none of the ladies could agree upon the total within a couple of dollars.

(Continued on page 22)



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First Annual Outing of the Canarys

(Continued from page 21)

termination to keep up his end, paid the street car fares home.

"None of the young folks away on their vacations have had any better time than we have," said Mrs. Canary as the party sat down to rest and cool off on the front steps, "we must plan to plan another outing — next year."

A Free Translation

"E pluribus unum!" cheered Ed. Hicks as his favorite pony crossed the line.

"I don't get you," said a disgruntled person.

"Such ignorance! He won out of many, didn't he?" explained the cultured one.

"There is not one bad egg in a thousand," says the State Commissioner of Foods and Markets. Among eggs, perhaps not, but among men the percentage is higher.



His Wife: "Fred, did you order the fish for dinner?"

"Don't give Baby a pacifier," is one of a number of domestic science warnings. Don't, that is, unless the hour is very late, and you are an extreme pacifist or peace-at-any-price man.

Seaside resorts are supposed to wax prosperous as a result of sea-serpent rumors in their vicinity, but this summer has demonstrated that shark rumors produce an unpleasantly opposite effect.

Hungary considers herself "humiliated," it is said, because the German general, von Hindenburg, is to be invested with full powers over the Hungarian army. From a purely disinterested angle, it would seem to be more satisfactory to be "humiliated" than captured and sent to Siberia.

"The Threshold of the South."

This is the first of a new series of "American Adventures" by Julian Street, illustrated by Wallace Morgan. All those who read the same author's delightfully humorous "Abroad at Home" stories will welcome the new series. The first one will appear in the September 16th issue of

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 20)

women, Phrynette and Felicia, must have had words, for the Pierrot, her eyes blazing with passion, came to the very footlights and cried to Jean in French: "Beast! You told her, then. I shall kill myself!" and pointing her finger at me she screamed:

"It was not thou, it was Jean!" Luckily the audience took the scene as a part of the pantomime, and the curtain was quickly dropped. I blundered out into the street, but Jean was not with me. Nor Felicia. Now I shall tax your credulity. That same night she swallowed poison and died. Why? I don't know. Jean had her cremated at Woking. He is quite harmless, but his mind is gone. The only thing that rouses him from his melancholy stupor is the striking of the hour. Then he upturns one of the twelve hour-glasses, fantastically carved, which he keeps on a table before him, and curiously watches the almost imperceptible fall of the finely powdered dust—Felicia's—from one glass sphere to another. It is his Dance of Death. And the insistent clamor of her name at his heart is like the harsh roll of the sea on a savage shore.

P. S. Don't you think the idea of this prose refrain is captivating? And those cunning little asterisks—polka-dots I call them—which I placed after the Baron's wicked whisper: aren't they dramatic? Whenever a novelist wishes to be peculiarly devilish he trots out those fatal marks. But all said and done, the real "L'Enfant Prodigue" is well worth while. My little fantastic tale is only a mystification.

To Find Out

"Doctor Bump says that the new baby he left at our house is worth its weight in gold."

"Don't you believe him?"

"Well, the first time I get a chance I'm going to take it to some other Doctor-store and find out, same as Sis did with the ring that Mr. Sap-head gave her."



"Beginner's Luck."

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And so it is the moderate man whom we are proudest to have as a customer for a remarkably mild and mellow Whiskey — Wilson — Real Wilson — That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

10,000 Vacations Wanted

YOU Can Help In The Infantile Paralysis Emergency

10,000 little children and their mothers have been closely confined in their stifling tenement homes in the heat of mid-summer by quarantine or in fear of the disease.

Health Commissioner Emerson says:

"One of the best things the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor can do to co-operate in the effort to control the epidemic of infantile paralysis is to extend its fresh air work at Sea Breeze for the children of the tenements."

To meet the situation, Sea Breeze has been enlarged and will extend its season as late as possible into the Fall.

Will you send some of these mothers and children to

SEA BREEZE

Cool—Restful—Health-giving

Allow 50 cents a day or \$3 a week for each one you will send as your guest and make the amount payable to George Blagden, Treasurer.

New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

CORNELIUS N. BLISS, Jr., President

Room 200, 105 East 22d St., New York City



"Gee, but it's great at Sea Breeze"



The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

He felt that it would be a good thing in the interests of abstract beauty, to rescue that red wagon from such a man, who would, in all probability, let it get muddy.

He had got to this point in his musings when he happened to look up, and saw Adèle seated at the window of her room, with her chin upon her hands. She was gazing intently, even rapturously, at the red wagon.

Then she, too, looked up, and their eyes met.

Her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were flushed.

"Oh, Paul," she said, softly, but he could hear her quite distinctly, "how perfectly delightful it would be to ride about the country together in a dear little red wagon like that, and peddle those delightful shiny tin things!"

Two hours later, a surprised tin-peddler and a puzzled landlord went for the third time over a large stack of bank-notes.

"Eight twenties, eleven tens and twenty-one fives. Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," said the tin-peddler; "and every bill is good. You can't fool me on money. Now, what in the wither'n' blazes do you make of it?"

The landlord cast a furtive glance at a great tray of empty champagne-bottles, which a waiter happened to be carrying through the room at that moment. Then he engaged the tin-peddler's eye with a look of profound thoughtfulness.

"Them theatrical folks is always kinder queer and freaky," he said.

Paul and Adèle were perched on the high front seat of the little red wagon. Paul had his foot on the brake, and was carefully guiding the sorrel mare down a steep hill on the road that led from the inn in the direction away from Tunkawanna. Adèle held in one hand a piece of thin board, about the size of a school slate, faced with white paper, on which were inscribed various strange figures and characters in red and black ink. This tablet she compared from time to time with some little slips of paper which she held in her lap with the other hand.

Paul looked hard at the horse, and his face wore an expression of gloomy thought—the expression of a young man from around whose youthful head a golden haze is rapidly evaporating, and who sees himself, through the fast-lessening mist, seated upon a red wagon, much like the rest of this world's red wagons, driving a sorrel mare possessed of few points beyond the generality of sorrel mares. But Adèle's face was undimmed by the slightest cloud.

"Isn't it perfect fun, Paul dear?" she said. "And such a relief! Of course they were all very nice, you know, and I am sure it was very interesting; but then, you know, of course it couldn't last. And now I do feel so free and independent, don't you, dear?" "O—eh—yes; why, certainly," assented Paul.

"The only thing I can't make out, Paul," said Adèle, "is how to get the A and the x

part of this price-list right; and so long as I can't get that straight, of course it is perfectly impossible to make anything of the n's and x's."

"I am sorry, my love," said Paul; "I wish I could help you out, but of course I can't drive a new horse and study a complicated price-list like that."

"No, dear; of course not," said Adèle; "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to worry you. We'll wait till we get to that town—what did he say was the name of it?—where he said you could lay in supplies?"

"Brockham," said Paul. "Yes; we must get there before dinner."

Adèle's eyes were still fixed on the puzzling characters of the price-list.

"I hate to bother you, dear," she began; "but I do wish you would tell me if this can be possible. If Hzz on the dinner-pails means that they cost \$1.02 a dozen, how can we retail them at two for five cents? And yet that certainly is what Nx means. And if Nx is right, then the soap dishes must be worth—let me see?—\$3.25 apiece."

"I don't know, dear," said Paul. "I'll work it all out when we get to Brockham."

He said this with something that sounded faintly like a groan.

"You aren't feeling ill, are you, Paul?" Adèle anxiously inquired.

"Oh, not in the least, I assure you," answered Paul.

"I should hate to have you feeling poorly just as we were going to have such fun," said Adèle. "How clever it was of you, Paul, to think of buying this horse and wagon!"

"I?" said Paul, with a little start; "I don't think it was my idea at all, my love."

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Adèle; "I could never have thought of anything half so bright. It was just an inspiration. Just like your thinking of this whole runaway trip. Now, I never should have been capable of that."

"Oh, yes, dear!" Paul groaned in open desperation. "Of course I do—only I—really, my dear, this horse makes me so nervous that I can't talk."

"Why didn't you tell me, dear? Of course I won't bother you for a moment. I'll put away that wretched price-list, and I'll just make out a little memorandum of the things we've got to get at Brockham."

So she took out her little memorandum-book and her gold pencil, and began contentedly jotting down and figuring away. And as Paul watched her—which he could readily do, for, as a matter of fact, he was an old hand with horses, and a fearless driver—and saw how contented and happy the little woman was, and heard her humming bits of tunes softly to herself, his own spirits began to brighten, and he felt less self-reproachful. He certainly had bought, if not a pig in a poke, a horse in a golden haze; and most assuredly he and his wife were somewhat out of their natural place, seated upon the top of a tin-peddler's wagon. But, after all, he reflected, the horse and the wagon were both good of their kind, even

(Continued on page 25)

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"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
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The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 24)

if they were not the magic outfit that they had seemed to him in a moment of enchantment; and as for being out of place, why, what was his object and his wife's at the present moment, but to get out of their natural place, and to get into somebody else's? Of course it was absurd, but evidently Adèle was happy, and if Adèle was happy, why shouldn't he be happy? And if they both were happy, why should they care about the absurdity of the happiness?

"Did you get the blankets down, dear?" he inquired, looking over Adèle's memoranda.

"Bless me, no!" cried his wife, with a merry little laugh. "I have put down sheets, though, and we shan't need sheets a little bit, shall we? People always camp out in blankets, don't they? And then I suppose our class of people use them all the time, anyway, and do without sheets."

"Our class of people?" repeated Paul.

"Yes; tin-peddlers," Adèle explained innocently. And when Paul saw how deep a plunge his wife had made into her new identity, he promptly dived in after her, and immediately felt perfectly happy and quite at his ease.

"No more cigars for me," he said; "I'll buy a pipe at Brockham and smoke it. I used to smoke a pipe when I was working with Ernest—a stubby little briar-wood pipe."

"How delightful!" chirped Mrs. Brown.

"Let me put it down: One briar-wood pipe,—Oh, Paul, how do you spell briar? I've got it b-r-i-e, and it doesn't look right at all."

And so conversing, they came to Brockham.

Now, Brockham, from its name, you might take to be a solid old substantial English sort of place, a small city, perhaps; or, at least, a large town with an old manor-house concealed somewhere about its corporation. If you went to look it up in the Gazetteer you would expect to see Brockham put down something like this:

BROCKHAM.—County seat, Brockham County, settled abt. 1712; pop. 8,500; large woolen manufacturing industries; 8 schools, incl. Normal College. Pleasantly situated on w. bank Brock River; chs. 3 Prot. Episc. 2 Cong. 1 Meth. 1 R. C. Brockham contains many fine residences, and has an interesting Revolutionary history.

That's what Brockham sounds like, doesn't it? Well, Brockham was a country-store at a lonely crossroads near an extensive swamp connected with a small creek; an abandoned toll-gate, and the shopkeeper's weather-worn white house a hundred yards down the highway. That was all there was of Brockham, beginning and end and all, for it lay in the bottom of a valley, and you could see over the level lowland for ten miles in every direction.

It was just noon when they reached Brockham and looked at each other in disappointment and surprise; for, without having said anything at all to each other, they had made up their minds as to what they expected Brockham to be, and it certainly was not anything of the sort.

(Continued on page 26)



MAY WE CUT IN?

Are't you tired to death of your dancing partner? Doesn't his talk of stocks bore you to extinction? Don't you wish he'd get a new theory of the war? Wouldn't you weep on his collar with joy if he eased up on politics and the tariff? Has he ever had a new thought since Euripides died? Or maybe it's she! Isn't she fat, forty and fashionable? Aren't you weary of hauling her fourteen stone around by the elbows? Don't you wish she'd twitter about something besides her diet list and her dachshund? Don't you yearn for some kindly philanthropist to take her away?

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It will present you to the celebrities, buy you a dog or a motor car, give you plenty of sports, and keep you in step with the whirling progress of the time.

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Name..... Street..... City..... State..... P. O. No. 16-16

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 25)

On the verandah in front of the store sat a stout man in a chair tilted back, with his feet cocked up against a pillar. He was a pleasant-looking man, not a countryman; a business man from a large city, apparently, to judge from his well kept-appearance, his well-cut suit of tweed, and the well-trimmed mutton-chop whiskers that ornamented his otherwise clean-shaven face. He got up as soon as they came abreast of the store, stepped forward with an agreeable smile on his broad face, and gave them greeting.

"Good afternoon," he said; "let me hitch your horse. Here's a chain."

"Good afternoon, Mr. —" Paul glanced up at the sign, — "Mr. Robinson."

"My name's not Robinson," said the stout man, genially; "Mr. Robinson's to dinner. I'm a friend of his, and I'm just tending store for him while he's away. Let me help your lady." And he gallantly handed Adèle down from her high perch. Then he turned to Paul.

"Guess Robinson's stocked up on tinware," he said, looking at Paul as if he were surprised that Paul shouldn't know it.

"Oh — oh — I — only — of course," stammered Paul. He had forgotten that he was a tinware peddler.

"The fact is," he explained, "I am not here to sell to-day. I want to buy some things of Mr. Robinson."

"Why certainly," said the stout man. "Might have known it; might have known it. You're in the retail line yourself, aren't you? How do you find business?"

"Not very good," said Paul, who had recovered himself. And Adèle looked at him admiringly.

"Oh!" said the stout man. "Nice outfit you've got there. Been long on the road?"

"Not very," said Paul.

"Oh!" said the stout man again. "Nice wagon you've got there. May I ask who made that wagon?"

"I couldn't tell you," Paul answered him, truthfully. "I bought it second-hand."

"Wouldn't have thought it," said the stout man, in a complimentary tone. "Looks most as good as new, don't it? Well, come right in. I'll see if I can hunt up Robinson."

"I thought you said he had gone to dinner," said Paul.

"Maybe he ain't got started yet," the stout man suggested. "Step right in, any way, and we'll see. Perhaps he's in the back shop. Come right this way."

Next Week

Part V THE RUNAWAY BROWNS
Illustrated by W. E. Hill



Patriotic

"Footlyte actually seemed pleased at leaving a \$300-per-week theatrical engagement to serve as a \$30-per month sergeant on the border."

"Why not? Three dramatic critics are privates in his company."

The Bunner Books



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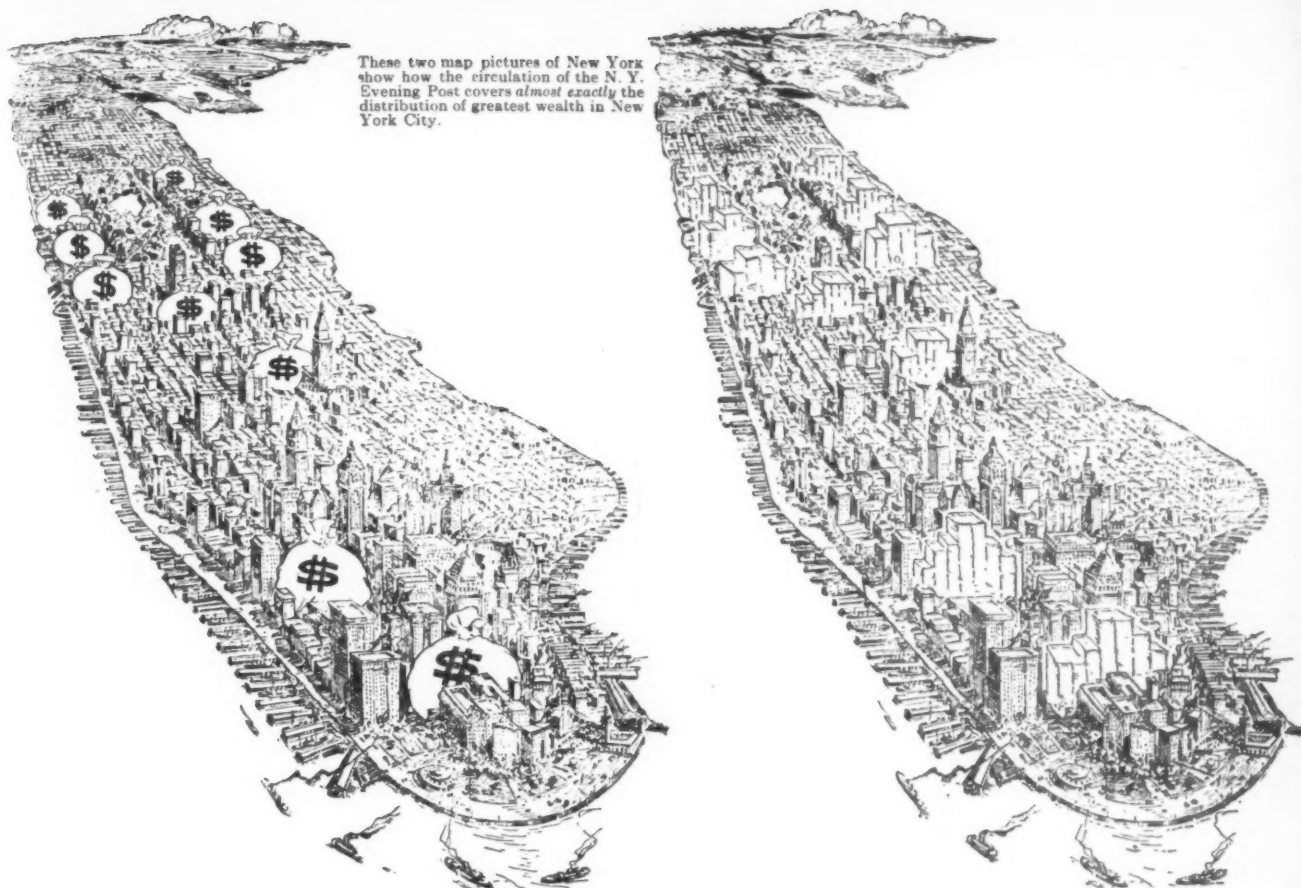
<i>The Cumbersome Horse</i>	<i>Early Stages of the Bloomer Fever</i>
<i>Mr. Vincent Egg & the Wage of Sin</i>	<i>A Water-Color House</i>
<i>The Man with the Pink Pants</i>	<i>The Time Table Test</i>
<i>The Ghoolah</i>	<i>Mr. Chedby on a Regular Nuisance</i>
<i>Samantha Boom-de-ay</i>	<i>The Suburbanite and His Golf</i>
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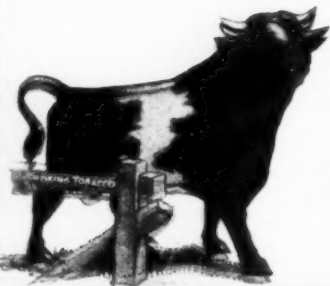
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